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February's Gift.

The slender line that lifts the broad, gray dawn
The silver glitter of the stars withdrawn
Announced the morn when Love, and Death, and Life
Were ranged about me in uncertain strife.
Death laid his hand upon me, and my eyes,
Looking in his, beheld the offered prize
Of infinite repose—to me most dear
After night's weary hours. But Life drew near,
And Love was at her side, with gesture fond
Pointing to all the sunlit space beyond,
Sweet with the hue of flowers and the balm
Of storm-swept heights that hear the pine-trees psalm.
Then Death's dark angel turned away his head,
Love came, and took the place wherefrom he fled,
And, with a quick cry of relief and joy,
Life brought thee to me, O my blue-eyed boy!

God grant the poet's thought be true, indeed,
Which saith that February's child at need
May pass through tumult, passion, sin and wrong,
Untouched at heart, calm, innocent and strong.

MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

Henry III of England and Simon de Montfort.

The reign of Henry III of England was one of those in which the feebleness of the sovereign gave unlimited scope to civil disorders. The bishops who possessed baronetcies were at the same time dependent both on the king and the Pope; the lords, nearly all of whom were possessed of estates both in England and on the Continent, were undecided as to whom it were better to pay their allegiance—his majesty of France or of England. Everything was in confusion: spiritual and temporal affairs, privileges and obligations were all confounded; there was no positive rule to be guided by, and everyone was for himself. If the king assembled prelates or nobles, it was only to solicit

assistance from them; always alleging a thousand new excuses for the act. Not satisfied with the imposts thus levied, his officers, with his consent, pursued a system of extortion on strangers, and forcibly deprived merchants of their goods in order to sustain the court. Masters of merchantmen, say the annals of this epoch, avoided English ports as being but so many nests of pirates under the royal protection. They stripped merchants of their cargoes with such rapacity that the commerce, formerly so flourishing between that island and the Continent, soon became totally destroyed. Fishermen even dared no risk carrying the product of their nets to the market, but were obliged to cross the channel and brave the perils of the ocean in order to escape the rapine of the regal purveyors. "Your acts of piety," continue these annals addressing the king, "which should edify your subjects, are to them but shameful scandal and sacrilege when they learn that the numberless tapers and silken vestments which illuminate your altars and decorate your priests in processions have been violently torn from their rightful owners."

These reproaches, addressed by the lords and bishops, drew no other reply from the king than counter-charges on their own part. In fine, violence and injustice reigned paramount.

Among the king's favorites was the son of Simon of Montfort, who in the crusade against the Albigenses had acquired so sad a record. This son possessed in the right of his mother, Amica, the earldom of Leicester, and came to establish himself in England, where in a short time he married Eleanor, sister of the king and widow of the Earl of Pembroke.

Although his title of stranger and the favors of Henry had at first rendered him odious to the nobles, he soon discovered a method to ingratiate himself

into their good graces, and he became their chief against the king and his undertakings. Henry had appointed him steward of Guienne, where he exercised his authority with such rigor as to raise up against him many enemies and accusations. The king endeavored in vain to have him condemned, and insulted him in open court with the name of traitor. "Traitor!" repeated Leicester; "ah, sire, how truly sacred is the name of king to-day, otherwise thy word had cost thee thy life!" He then retired, deeply exasperated, and only burned the more to avenge the blow aimed at Magna Charta.

The king, having convoked, in 1258, a great council at Westminster, in order to procure subsidies for the conquest of Sicily, which had been conferred on his son by the Pope, Leicester assembled at his house, the day before the council was held, all persons of nobility, both among the clergy and laity, to incite them to resistance. On the morrow all presented themselves in the council chamber, armed cap-a-pie. Among them were Roger Bigod, count-marshal of England; Humphrey Bohun, grand constable; and the powerful Counts of Warwick and Gloucester. As soon as the king appeared, they unsheathed their swords, demanded new assurances, on oath, that the articles of Magna Charta would be put into execution, with the further addition that twelve lords of the court be appointed to see that the necessary reforms be made. On accepting these conditions was the king to receive the asked for subsidy.

Henry accepted them, and summoned a new Parliament to meet at Oxford, June 11, 1258. The king there swore again not to infringe Magna Charta, and made important concessions, known as the Statutes or Provisions of Oxford. This Parliament was called by the royalists "the mad Parliament." In fact, the king was really the prisoner of the bishops and lords. These latter formed themselves into a committee which immediately dismissed twenty of the king's royal castle governors, nearly all the sheriffs, the treasurer, the judiciary and the chancellorship. Important changes were made.

In the first place, it was decided that Parliament should assemble three times a year: in the months of February, June, and October.

That the free-holders should elect a new sheriff every year.

That the sheriffs, the chief-justice, general treasurer and chancellor should render an account of their administration annually.

That barons who refused to attend the judicial sittings of sheriffs should not be subject to fine.

That foreigners should not be appointed tutors nor guardians of castles.

That no one should for the future plant new forests, or farm out the revenues of earldoms.

In a word, the Parliament, *i. e.*, the body of earls, barons and land-holders of the crown, appointed twelve of their number to assist at the regular meetings, so as to spare the rest the trouble and cost of going to them.

Henry III was desirous to profit by the excesses of the new Parliament, and of the jealousies that had arisen between Leicester and Gloucester, once more to regain his ancient power. The result was a civil war, in which Leicester, aided by the prince of Gallia, forced Henry to sign a shameful treaty (June 18, 1263). Hostilities recommenced shortly after, and were terminated by the king's being taken prisoner at the battle of Lewes, in Sussex.

Leicester, henceforward absolute master, enriched himself by all sorts of exactments, and only laughed at the Pope, who had excommunicated himself and the other rebellious barons. The nobility soon began to desert him, and he sought support in the lower classes by modifying the constitutive elements of Parliament. Besides the barons of his party and a few ecclesiastics, non-dependants of the crown, he introduced into it two chevaliers from each county and some representatives for the boroughs. Thus to him in reality is owing the origin of the constitution that rules England to-day. The admission of the commons into Parliament was, however, not legalized till the time of Edward I, in 1295. This was accomplished by a writ of the prince declaring that "what was to the interest of all ought to be approved of by all, and that the dangers which were common to all, ought to be repelled by a united all."

Nevertheless, Prince Edward, whom Leicester retained as a hostage for the fulfilment of the king's promises, succeeded in escaping, and put on foot an army which came unawares upon the rebels, whom they exceeded in numbers, and had the advantage of in position. Leicester saw at once that he was lost, and, gazing upon the beautiful appearance of the enemy's battalions, "By the arm of St. James!" said he, "they have profited by our lessons. May God have mercy on our souls, for our bodies are theirs!"

In effect, he was vanquished and killed in the battle. His head was sent to the wife of Roger Mortimer, his most implacable enemy. Leicester's rapacity and ambition were the scourge of England while he lived; nevertheless, it cannot be denied that his attempts at reformation proved highly beneficial.

at a later date to the united kingdom, by enlarging its constitution and introducing therein the germs of all national liberties.

Some Irish Poets.

I.—THOMAS MOORE.

The warblings of the muse of Moore ushered in, it might be said, the commencement of this century. His "Melodies" were the first, with a few slender exceptions, that spoke the Irish feelings in the language of their oppressor. But his best claim to the love of his people is the fact that he has wedded Irish music to poetry which is as sweet and as captivating as the music itself. Moore was a musician of great taste; the very metre of his poetry is proof-positive of that fact—it is so smooth and sweet. Being gifted with such a talent, he set himself to translate into words the music of his country; to tell to others the beautiful things that the warbling of these airs spoke inwardly to himself.

In Moore's "Melodies" we have three chief things to admire: first, the catching up the expression of the tune or air; second, the selection of a suitable subject for that air, and third, the extreme beauty and elegance of language in which he has embodied that thought. We will take for example, "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old." The old name of that air was, "The Little Red Dog" (that is, Fox). The expression is stately and majestic, tinged with the least shade of melancholy. Whatever were the words of the original song, it is evident that there could be nothing in them or in the subject which would fittingly bespeak the inner soul of the music. Moore, like a master, takes up his harp, and, hark! the very first chord he strikes gives us an immediate insight into the whole piece—"Let Erin Remember the Days of Old." What more noble or more stirring theme than the ancient glories of Erin! but, alas! while the glow of pride lights up the cheek and fires the heart, the tear of sorrow steals to the eye, for we cannot separate the glory from the decay; so that pride and sorrow are mingled together—the very same as it is with the music. With regard to this piece, it is said that Robert Emmet (who had been a schoolfellow and an intimate friend of the poet) stood behind his chair as Moore sat playing that air, one day, on the piano, and that Emmet, overcome with the proud expression of the piece, cried out: "Would to God I were leading an Irish brigade, and the band playing that before us!"

The words of that piece are particularly choice

and beautiful, and we doubt if Moore himself excelled them in any other. We look upon the simile of the concluding stanza as the most perfect and the most poetic, perhaps, in the language—

"On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays
In the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining.
Thus doth memory oft, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
And, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover."

There is one thing most remarkable about Moore's poetry, and which, we are sure, will strike every reader of the "Melodies," that his similes are the very acme of perfection. There is scarcely a single poem but is rich with them. For instance—

"I saw from the beach when the morn was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone."

In the next verse he reads his metaphor—

"And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore alone."

Again, in that pathetic song, "When Through Life Unblest we Rove"—

"Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours.
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death:
So when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath."

What can be more touching than the whole of that tender piece blent together, half literal and half figurative!—

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet.
Doth Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear."

Again, how beautiful the simile in the last verse of that charming song, "Bendemeer's Stream!—

"No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gathered while freshly they shone;
And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer when summer was gone.
Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul as 'twas once to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer."

This, to our mind, is the wonderful thing about Moore—his happy illustrations. We know of no song-writer in any language to equal him in the sweetness of his metre or in the beauty of his imaginations.

But, though Moore be undoubtedly the first of our Irish poets, and in every sense *first*, still he is far from being the most popular. "Patrick's Day" was known to be the national air. To that he should have written a national anthem. Instead he wrote a flunkey piece to that air, which, whether it be beautiful or not, was at least the national air (some don't think so highly of it as a piece of music), and that song, we believe, ten of the peasantry could not recite to-day. It strikes us now that we should have made "Patrick's Day" an exception, where we said above that Moore was remarkable for choosing a subject that would bespeak the expression of the music. Two more, we believe, might be added—the song he wrote to the air of "The Exile of Erin," and the one to the air of "Garryowen." "The Exile of Erin" may well rest contented with poor Campbell's "There came to the Beach a poor Exile of Erin;" but "Garryowen" is still a waif and a stray.

Wherever singing is heard in any choice society, there Moore will be heard, and heard to advantage; and it really is a pleasure to hear Moore in such society, where every justice is done to the music, to the words and to the prevailing expression of the song. Though Moore did not give in his songs a voice to the advanced sentiments of the present day, yet his "Melodies" were not without a political effect. The words of the music stole into the hearts of many, and a love was generated for Ireland, which, though it was little more than superficial and romantic, yet, for the time being, did service quite as much as if it were real and everlasting.

II.—GERALD GRIFFIN.

In point of time and in point of sweetness, Gerald Griffin comes next to Moore. There was no man among all the Irish poets so full of sweet, tender poetry as Gerald Griffin. His whole life was a poem. He had not transcendent powers like Moore; but more tears will be brought to the eye and more pity to the heart, and more wise counsel tenderly and gently inculcated, by reading one of Griffin's shorter pieces, perhaps, than some of Moore's best. Griffin had the insight of a philosopher, the inspiration of a poet, and the heart of a woman. Though knowing the Irish character as few men knew it, and though desirous—as his biographer tells us—to write songs which should find a place among the peasantry of Ireland, he failed to do so. Griffin felt that a Burns was wanting for Ireland, and Burns' place he tried to fill, but did not succeed. His poetry, like his own sweet nature, was a shade too refined. His "*Shule,*

Shule Agra," one of his best attempts in that direction, was written to a wild and tender air prevalent in Munster. The very first verse of that song gives us an idea of his powers as a poet. A young couple are going to be wed. They are of the peasant's lot in life. The dawn of their bridal day is breaking in the East. The bridegroom addresses his betrothed—

"My Mary, of the curling hair,
The laughing teeth and bashful air."

What a picture! She is handsome, joyous, and, best of all, modest. That is a picture—in our opinion, a beautiful picture: finished and perfect in two lines. What a fine moral song he then goes on to weave for the guileless Irish peasant!—

"Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
With blushes in the skies."

Not an idea in that whole verse, but one of beauty or of innocence—the curling hair, the laughing teeth, the bashful air; the bridal morn breaking in the East; the beautiful dawn, with blushes in the skies. Surely, that is poetry, and poetry worthy of Griffin. And yet, in the next verse, he seems almost to surpass that. The bridegroom still continues—

"Wake! linnet of the osier grove,
Wake! trembling, stainless, virgin dove,
Wake! nestling of a parent's love,
Let Moran see thine eyes."

By everything that is gentle, endearing, and pure, he calls her. What an idea of modesty, which, thank God, is to be met with in thousands and thousands of homes throughout poor Ireland, that second line gives us!—"Wake! trembling, stainless, virgin dove."

The man that believes that the poet's heart never throbs with the fervor of religion, or believes that while he weaves his moral lay, religion does not stand approvingly by, knows little, and very little, of the poet's inner life.

If we wished to illustrate, have we not an instance at hand? poor Gerald Griffin—turning from the ways of the world, leaving name and fame and ambition behind; for awhile looking to the priestly state as the one most calculated to bring honor to God, and comfort and sympathy to human souls; and then, thinking that ambition was in the thought, sacrificing all, except the idea of doing good, and dying in the humble but holy garb of a Christian Brother.

The song of Gerald Griffin's that will come oftenest to the lips of many of us is, perhaps, his—

"Old times! old times! the gay old times!
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Beneath the sally tree;

My Sunday palm beside me placed,
My cross within my hand,
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land.
Old times! old times!"

How truly he describes the fondness we have for the past, and the pain we feel that we never more can be as we were then, in this verse!—

"If I could cry away mine eyes,
My tears would flow in vain;
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'd never come again—
Old times! old times!"

In his

"Gilla ma chree, sit down by me,
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own, our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever"—

he returns to the same attempt—that of writing peasant songs. He has, however, succeeded better in one that is not so well known—

"The mi-na-meala now is past,
Oh, wirra sthrue! oh, wirra sthrue!
And I must leave my home at last,
Oh, wirra sthrue! oh, wirra sthrue!"

The poor girl is newly married; the *mi-na-meala* (or honeymoon) is past, and she is going home with her husband. A presentiment of dread seems to take possession of her mind; she remembers what a happy, quiet life she had beneath her parents' roof. Still, there is no thought of refusing to go; but her pleading adds to the beauty of her lonesome leave-taking, and the fear of impending cruelty increases the sadness and the virtue of her resignation; and yet, in the midst of all, her faithful heart cannot forget its plighted affections. She winds up with a blending of love, of pleading, and of sacrifice to duty, that is almost beyond refusal.

"Ah, love! ah, love! be kind to me,
For by this breaking heart you see
How dearly I have purchased thee;
Oh, wirra sthrue! oh, wirra sthrue!"

This song is introduced with great pathos in his *Suil Dhuv*, the "Coiner," where the neglected wife sings it as she rocks her first-born babe to sleep.

Gerald Griffin seldom attempted anything in an artistic light. There was about the man a candor and simplicity that made anything artistic look like affectation. Hence, in all his lyrics and songs there is nothing like art; all is simplicity, joined with the sweetest melody, the tenderest thought, and the truest poetry.

III.—THOMAS DAVIS.

Thomas Davis is the really national poet of Ireland. He seemed in his poetry to give a living voice to the genius and history of his country. No man worked so hard for her, few loved her better;

and, certainly, while the Irish nation exists, the writings of no other poet will have such an effect, whether we speak of the people that were his contemporaries, or of those who are to succeed him. The one great object for which the national party struggled at that time was not attained, but their struggling was not without effect. The hopes then awakened and the dreams then indulged in were not realized; but they were not all in vain. The heart and soul of the nation was wound up to a tension far beyond its ordinary mood; and in those throes of dazzling hope, in those paroxysms of proud ambition, the ancient *clearseach* was struck by bards that might fitly have mingled with the chiefs and minstrels of ages past—a literature was awakened, proud, brilliant, and courageous. The noblest soul in that gathering of noble men was Thomas Davis. There was no flashiness about him—no false glitter and tinsel. Yet, with all that majesty and power which belonged to him, as to every man of transcendent talent and genius, his soul was guileless and innocent. The collector and editor of his poems has done a kind turn in classifying them so particularly, and thus showing us how the poet identified himself with every phase of Ireland's history.

In the history of the Brigades alone there is a splendid field for patriotic poetry. That field Davis entered, and if the events took place beneath our eyes we could scarcely see them more vividly than the gifted bard has pictured them.

"The mess-tent is full and the glasses are set.
And the gallant Count Thomond is president yet;
The vet'ran arose like an uplifted lance,
Crying, 'Comrades, a health to the monarch of France!'
With bumpers and cheers they have done as he bade,
For King Louis is loved by the Irish Brigade.

"'A health to King James!' and they bent as they quaffed;
'Here's to George the Elector!' and fiercely they laughed;
'Good luck to the girls we wooed long ago,
Where Shannon and Barrow and Blackwater flow;
'God prosper Old Ireland!' you'd think them afraid,
So pale grew the chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

"'But surely that light cannot come from our lamp?
And that noise—are they all getting drunk in the camp?
'Hurrah, boys! the morning of battle is come,
And the *generale's* beating on many a drum.'
So they rush from the revel to join the parade,
For the van is the right of the Irish Brigade.

"They fought as they revelled, fast, fiery, and true,
And, though victors, they left on the field not a few;
And they who survived fought and drank as of yore,
But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more.
For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade."

How gentlemen of the alliteration school, with "long, lingering look," would admire "far foreign fields from," besides the sweet, soft sound it gives the line! What a beautiful line, in every sense, is the third last—

"But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more."

Then the sweetness of the metre, and the correct Saxon words all through, so short and telling. We have but space to refer to another very popular song of his, namely, "Clare's Dragoons:"

"When on Ramilies' bloody field
The baffled French were forced to yield,
The victor Saxons backward reeled
Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.
The flags we conquered in that fray.
Look lone in Ypres' choir they say;
We'll win them company to-day,
Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons.

"There's not a man in squadron here
Was ever known to flinch or fear,
Though first in charge and last in rear
Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragoons.
But see, we'll soon have work to do,
To shame our boasts or prove them true,
For hither comes the English crew
To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons.

"Oh! comrades think how Ireland pines,
Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines:
Her dearest hope the ordered lines
And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons.
Then fling your green flag to the sky,
Be Limerick your battle cry,
And charge till blood runs fetlock high
Around the track of Clare's Dragoons."

This last verse has always appeared to us, in its way, one of the very best war-songs we have ever read. The words of Burns' song, "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled," will at once recur to the reader. Davis's song seems to have more pathos, though, to be sure, nothing can be dearer to the father's heart, and at the same time nothing more exasperating, than the idea of a son in servile chains. Rightly, then, does Burns charge his last verse with that stimulant. But still there is something very touching in Davis's—

"Oh! comrades, think how Ireland pines,
Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines;
Her dearest hope the ordered lines
And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons."

And then, when he has pointed out to them the eyes of unhappy Ireland as strained upon themselves, how noble is the outburst!

"Then fling your green flag to the sky,
Be Limerick your battle-cry,
And charge till blood runs fetlock high
Around the track of Clare's Dragoons."

A View of Ancient Roman Civilization.

At the period when Rome made and maintained her conquests, she was in point of civilization foremost among nations. Among all contemporary states she alone gave evidence of intellectual life and moral vigor. Shackled by ignorance, the East and the West, the North and the South were enchained by savagery, or were held in the thralldom of an intellectual stupor; the barbarians of the

North were revelling in their rude practices; the provinces of the East were slumbering in lethargy and indolence. Greece had fallen from her high estate, and mourned only because the year did not afford days sufficient for her feasts.

To waken the East from her sensual dreams; to reclaim from barbarism the uncouth Franks and Gauls; to revive Spartan bravery and Athenian learning in Greece, required an agent of mighty power. It pleased Providence to make Rome that factor. Hers was a progressive civilization, and, while she conquered, she civilized. It is true she devastated and laid waste, but such were the necessities of war. It is true she was cruel and severe, but cruelties were sanctioned by the spirit of the age.

In the world's history there is no instance of a great mental or moral awakening without attendant evil. Bereft of the interference of Rome, the provinces would undoubtedly have sunk into lower depths of ignorance and degeneracy, and as the only available power, it remained for Rome to effect a reformation. Nor was she less the reformer, though she conquered without philanthropy, and civilized without good intent.

History is eloquent with proof of the benefits of Roman dominion. Under Roman rulers Greece renewed almost her former glory. The Roman emperor Antoninus established for her a system of state endowments, and in this territory the emperor Hadrian erected gymnasiums, libraries and pantheons. In Asia the Roman consul Ducullus instituted much-needed legislative reforms, and corrected the abuses of the native monarchs. He reduced the taxes on the people, and by just and equitable laws made the inhabitants more than tolerant of their change of rulers, and more than willing disciples of Roman learning and civilization. In Gaul and in Britain the Romans built roads and established systems of coinage and codes of law. They civilized these rude peoples by the introduction of Roman culture and refinement. The Roman emperor Probus introduced the vine into Germany, and taught the restless and warlike Franks to labor in the vineyard and field. When competent, the provinces were given seats in the senate, and the prize of Roman citizenship was offered to all who, by education and worth, merited the distinction. This healthful emulation was a powerful factor in the civilization of the provinces.

To afford employment to the poor, and to skill the people in mechanical arts, public works were projected. In short, Rome must civilize her provinces in order to make them useful to her. Briefly we maintain that it was the mission of Rome to

wrest the adjoining states from the clutches of barbarism and degeneracy. It matters not whether her motives were good or bad; it matters not that Rome was ignorant of the ultimate benefits to result from her conquests; that fact remains, that the provinces were benefited by their relations with Rome.

We are not so bigoted as to deny the severities of Roman rule. They were natural in an age which sanctioned harsh measures. Rome's very existence demanded the downfall of all her rivals, and even in the more refined cruelty of modern times such measures have been paralleled. It is true, Rome burned and pillaged and destroyed; but was there ever a conquest that was not severe? Was there ever a war without devastation and ruin?

In closing, we again assert that Rome, by her conquests, planted in her provinces the seeds of a higher civilization, which, nurtured by time, developed ultimate good. Centuries may have elapsed and Rome herself have fallen before these benefits became evident, but it was Rome that in an unprogressive era gave an impetus to progress.

HOMER P. BRELSFORD, '91.

Books and Periodicals.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for May is one of the most picturesque and varied in its contents of the issues of that periodical. It contains several wholesome, out-door articles full of action, adventure, and exhilarating exercise. The illustrations of these are spirited and realistic. The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Alexander Pope is appropriately recognized with a charming prose essay by Austin Dobson who, with his rare knowledge and appreciation of the writers of Queen Ann's reign, has sympathetically described Pope's works and friendships. He appends a fine critical estimate in verse, written, in the manner of Pope, in the rhymed pentameters which he brought to such perfection. The wit, dexterity, and polish displayed in this poem will attract the praise of critics and lovers of good literature everywhere. A number of rare portraits have been reproduced from contemporary prints collected by the author. Professor William P. P. Longfellow (whose article on the form of the Greek vase, in the April *Scribner's*, will be recalled) writes with equal skill and interest of "The Decoration of vases." The subject gives occasion for illustrations even more elaborate and graceful than those in the previous article. Another of those popular articles on scientific and technical subjects in which *Scribner's Magazine* has been especially fortunate, is entitled "Modern Explosives." The author is Charles E. Munroe, Chemist of the U. S. Torpedo Corps, who explains clearly the composition and action of the various explosive agents now used in war and peace. The

illustrations show the results of many elaborate tests which have been made, and include a number of fine engravings of the Flood Rock explosion.

—The May number of *The Popular Science Monthly* is a promising opening of its thirty-third volume. It contains Hon. David A. Wells's closing paper on "The Economic Disturbances since 1873," which is a masterly review of the whole situation. The outlook is regarded as hopeful; wages have increased, a better style of living is demanded and obtained by the wage-earners, and the end of necessary poverty is nearer than ever before. In the "Editor's Table" the leading features of Mr. Wells's series of articles are pointed out, and special attention is called to the evidence which they present as to the futile character of government interference with trade and production. There is a bright article by Dr. Felix L. Oswald on "The Moral Influence of Climate," and another, appropriate to the season, on "The American Robin and his Congeners," by Dr. Spencer Trotter, with illustrations. Mr. Appleton Morgan gives an answer to the timely question, "Is Combination Crime?" maintaining that combinations of capital and labor are outgrowths of modern conditions of trade, which are legitimate, and, on the whole, beneficial. The subject of "Sound-Signals at Sea," which has lately been forced upon public attention by several serious collisions, is treated by Mr. Arnold Burges Johnson, of the Lighthouse Board Office, who describes a number of ingenious devices for communicating the course of vessels in fog and darkness, and for detecting the position of other objects. Dr. Thomas J. Mays discusses "The Future of the American Indian," as affected by his power of resisting pulmonary consumption. The subject of the usual sketch and portrait is the late Prof. Kirchhoff, one of the leading men of science of this century. New type is used for this number, having a slightly larger face than the old, which gives the page a fresher and clearer appearance.

—RECEIVED:—"Stories for First Communicants," a collection of entertaining and instructive stories specially adapted to the young, who will find in them much to impress in their minds the pious thoughts with which they were filled as they prepared to approach the Holy Table for the first time. Published in good, tasteful style by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

"Words of the Saints; St. Vincent de Paul." This little book, issued in elegant style by the same publishers, contains "thoughts" for each day in the year which have been carefully collated from the sayings and writings of that great apostle of charity—St. Vincent de Paul.

"A Visit to Europe and the Holy Land," by the Rev. H. F. Fairbanks, published by the Catholic Publication Society Company, New York. It is a very interesting and instructive narrative of places visited and impressions made by a tour through Europe and the Holy Land. The descriptions of those spots made sacred by the touch of the World's Redeemer will be found to possess a particular and reverent interest.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, April 28, 1888.

Staff.

G. H. CRAIG, '88,	P. V. D. BROWNSON, '88,
J. A. BURNS, '88,	CHAS. P. NEILL, '89,
S. J. CRAFT (Lit.), '88.	

—Last Monday, the 23d inst., was the ninth anniversary of the great fire which visited Notre Dame in 1879, and destroyed the large main building, the infirmary, the music hall, St. Francis' Home for old men, and the Minims' hall.

Upon the site of the ruins of nine years ago, there now stands a college edifice surpassed by none in America, around which are clustered a beautiful church, a science hall complete with scientific apparatus, an infirmary, a handsome music and exhibition hall, and an elaborate structure devoted exclusively to the Minims, to say nothing of the printing office, steam house, etc. In that fire also were lost a library, which has been replaced as far as possible by a collection of nearly 30,000 volumes, a museum and a rich collocation of natural curiosities, which are gradually being restored. In view of these things we are then, perhaps, pardonably proud of Notre Dame and her work. But let us not forget those friends of the University and those members of the Community to whose interest in the institution and its success we are so indebted, and to whom, indeed, we are so grateful.

—A recent number of the Paris *Le Monde*, handed to us by a friend, contains a report of the grand banquet given to the members of the International Scientific Congress at Paris on the close of their deliberations. The banquet was held in the Hôtel Saint James, and more than a hundred and twenty representatives were present. After the address by the president, Mgr. d'Hulst, the honor of responding to the toasts was given to representatives from abroad. Among those who spoke was the Rev. President Walsh, of whom *Le Monde* says: "Rev. Father Walsh then replied to the toast to 'America,' in an address delivered in French, marked by perfect correctness in language and masterly eloquence. Father Walsh spoke of the promising career of the young American nation that would show by its own experience how the ancient and indefeatable authority of the Church may be exercised in harmony with the most extended liberty in the broadest and truest acceptation of the word. He spoke, too, of the gratitude and admiration entertained by the New World towards the mother-country, Europe, to which it owed its blood, its faith, its civilization. To Belgium, to Ireland, to Spain this homage was especially due,

and still more to France, which had so bravely and generously assisted the people of the United States in their grand struggle for liberty."

Mgr. Montes de Oca, well known to all here, also spoke. We are glad to say that in all probability he will return with President Walsh, and pay us a visit at Notre Dame.

—Mr. W. J. Edbrooke, so well and favorably known at Notre Dame as the architect of the Main Building, of the Music Hall, and of Science Hall, is at work on plans for the new building for the collegiate and law students. The brick for the building have already been contracted for, and Very Rev. Father General has given the architect instructions to have his plans ready at the earliest possible date, so that the work can be commenced and pushed forward without delay. The new building will be of about the same dimensions as Science Hall. The style of architecture, however, will be different, but of a kind to harmonize with the other buildings, and at the same time, afford a pleasing contrast. The completion of this building will give Notre Dame the finest group of educational buildings in the United States, and will perfect the plan that her Very Rev. Founder has so long wished to see realized. We hope to see the corner-stone laid on Trinity Sunday, the fiftieth anniversary of Very Rev. Father General's ordination, and trust that it will be ready for occupancy by the 15th of August, the day set for the celebration of the Very Rev. Father's Golden Jubilee and for the solemn dedication of all the buildings at Notre Dame to the glorious Queen of Heaven—Mary Immaculate. No more fitting day could be selected for completing the work of a half century than that of the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin; and we know that all the friends and former students of Notre Dame will rejoice with us in the proximate consummation of our beautifully planned group of college buildings—a group that has been the admiration of every visitor to our *Alma Mater*.

Silhouettes of Travel.

IX.

In summer, daily excursions take place to the

GREAT SALT LAKE

by the Utah & Nevada, and the Denver & Rio Grande railways. An analysis of the waters shows from 20 to 23 per cent. salt. So great is their specific gravity that it is impossible to sink in them, though it is easy to lose one's balance and reverse the position ascribed to man by Sallust. A gentleman who was drowned while bathing in the lake, was found four years later encased in a shining suit of chloride of sodium. His body was in a far better state of preservation than that of Nelson after the old tars had drank the rum out of the cask into which the hero's body had been put for safe keeping after the battle of Trafalgar.

Bathing in the lake, on account of the danger of

strangulation from inadvertently swallowing the water, is not without some danger for "big heads." A plunge into it might prove of advantage to the great Messrs. Döllinger, McGlynn, George and Co., and to such reformers of Church and State as have not their equilibrium well assured. It is said, salt enough for the consumption of the United States can be produced at Salt Lake. The salt saved there at present is used for local purposes, or shipped away as a lixivator for the mines. On the banks of the Rio Virgin, in the southern part of the Territory, huge cliffs of this necessary article can be found. Scenes of great beauty and grandeur in the grand cañons of the Wasatch Range are within easy reach of the tourist. The city is supplied with water on the gravity system by means of reservoirs built in the beds of City Creek and Emigration cañons. The old dilapidated museum building contains many Indian and territorial relics and mineral specimens, as well as unique curiosities gathered by Mormon missionaries in foreign lands. Mr. Schofield, the gentlemanly curator and janitor, will show you a stuffed gull—one of a mighty flock of sea fowl which came from the Gulf of California and saved Mormondom from famine, in 1848, by ravenously devouring the swarms of crickets which suddenly pounced down upon the growing crops in June of that year. The Mormons look upon the event as a great miracle, though the incredulous Gentiles cannot be *stuffed* or *gulled*. But there is the proof of the miraculous interposition of Divine Providence—a stuffed gull! Wasn't it a sailor that brought home to his old mother a spoke or felly of a wheel of Pharaoh's chariot raised by the ship's anchor from the bottom of the Red Sea, and thus confirmed the pious old lady in her Scriptural belief?

"Deseret," which means "the honey bee," is the name which the "Latter-day-Saints" propose giving to Utah, as soon as the Territory takes its place as a star on the azure field of Freedom's Banner. I fear, however, that Uncle Sam's strong hand will rob the Mormon hive of its honey, and leave only a fretful humble bee, by the time that star is evolved from its nebulous state and attains its yearly parallax.

I could not refuse the invitation of Rev. Thos. Galligan, to visit the largest mining camp in Utah—

PARK CITY

—although on account of its elevation of over 8000 feet above sea-level, and its rigorous winter climate, physicians do not regard it as a sanitarium for pleuro-pneumonia convalescents. Curiosity will take risks ever since Mother Eve visited the apple tree, or Epimetheus opened Pandora's box. This town lies to the north-east of Salt Lake City, and is reached by stage through the Wasatch cañons in almost a direct line of twenty eight miles, or by the Wasatch cañons and a branch of the Union Pacific railways starting from Echo cañon, a distance of 108 miles. It is situated among the peaks of the Wasatch Range—the Switzerland of America. One must not imagine that a mining camp is a mere collection of rude huts, or temporary shanties. Park City has many fine stores and

several good dwelling houses. Its population is 8500.

Here also I was most agreeably surprised to find a large day-school conducted by the Sisters of Holy Cross, and frequented by 300 to 400 children. In Sister Elise, the directress, I met an old friend. She is assisted by six members of the same community. The children are well trained, not only in the three Rs, but a very large proportion of them also in the ornamental branches of education. We had a chorus of the vocalists, and their loud, clear voices rang in harmony with the mountain echoes. So great, indeed, is the interest which the miners and other citizens of the place take in the education of their boys and girls by the good Sisters, that they are frequently seen carrying their children on their backs up the steep declivities to school during the blinding snow-storms to which the place is subject. I enjoyed for a week the warm hospitality and genial companionship of the Rev. Pastor, who, though young in years, is old in missionary labors throughout Southern Utah and Nevada. Father Galligan has often travelled a thousand miles or more in one of his missionary circuits by stage, buckboard, broncho, or on horseback. I was most highly edified by the large attendance at church, and the pious demeanor of a class of men that the world at large regards as the godless and reckless worshippers of Bacchus, Venus, and Mammon. Many of them are, in fact, frequent communicants and total abstainers.

During my stay I formed the acquaintance of John Shields, Mayor of the city—a nephew of the dashing, skilful and heroic General of that name. Mr. Shields and his brother Charles are among the wealthiest store keepers and prominent men of the town. These gentlemen are noted for their love of the Green Isle, and they have established a branch of the Land League here, which is in a very flourishing condition. Mr. Tewksbury, father of Master David Tewksbury at Notre Dame, is one of the most solid, intelligent and respected citizens of the place.

The town is built upon the steep slopes of the mountain peaks which tower around it on every side, and offer magnificent toboggan slides to the boys and girls. These little snow-birds take as naturally to the snow as a duck to water; they will slide down the hill sides on their snow shoes, pole in hand, with the velocity of darts shot from a catapult. The wonder is how they preserve their equilibrium. If Talmage were here, he could much more effectually represent the rapid descent of the sinner into vice and crime and sheol than by sliding down his pulpit balustrade in the Tabernacle. The town appears small, but it is densely packed; many of the houses appear perched in mid-air. In some places one could almost step on the roof of his neighbor's castle. If grass grew on the house-tops, there would be no need of ropes and tackle, as in the German legend, to pasture kine on them. The small boy, instead of throwing his snow-balls upwards at the chimney tops, aims downward at an angle of 60°, and sometimes makes a bullseye in his target of a schoolmate. The Sisters say that there is nothing more charming than the parterres and

beds of wild flowers of the brightest and most variegated hues with which Flora lavishly crowns these wild mountain crests in the spring and summer seasons.

Of course, I paid

A VISIT TO THE MINES.

Father Galligan and myself took a cutter to the Daly Silver Mine, about two miles up a cañon. There was a young blizzard out for a holiday at the time; and it was with the utmost difficulty that Mr. Gerrity, proprietor of the livery stable and an excellent driver, could keep his horses to the road. On the way, Father Galligan pointed to the place where a snow-slide, or avalanche, had last January overwhelmed a boarding house, containing sixteen men. The house was smashed into smithereens. Nine of the men were buried in the snow for two hours before being rescued. Fortunately, only one of them met with a serious accident—a broken arm. Six miles further south, another snow-slide occurred about the same time, at a place called Horse Shoe Bend, on the way to Snake Creek, by which a man of the name of James Barter lost his life. Seeing no chance of escape from the avalanche which crashed down the mountain side, he waved his hand and bid good bye to a companion of his who had waded through the snow some distance ahead. The body was not recovered until after two weeks. I was anxious to see a big snow-slide, provided the beautiful snow did not prove a winding-sheet, like Hotspur's perfumed lord, who would have been a soldier were it not for villainous saltpetre.

On reaching the mine office, we were kindly welcomed by John Judge, Esq., foreman, who immediately invited us to a miner's dinner. The viands laid before us were excellent and well cooked. Mr. Judge, during dinner, informed us that a snow-slide from the mountain on the other side of the cañon had recently knocked in the side of the dining room to the consternation of the Chinese cooks. One of these sons of the Flowery Kingdom was thrust under the large stove, and yelled with might and main: "Hello! hello! Melican man, look fol China man—velly good China man—me sobee"—until rescued. The slide story lessened our appetites and proved a sword of Damocles for the rest of the meal. We looked through the ore-sheds, or dumps, and selected some sulphurets, nuggets and specimens that would have excited the envy of Father Zahm. We next examined the engine and machinery room with its powerful hoisting apparatus and Burleigh air compressor. By means of an indicator, the engineer can tell at a glance at what precise depth or level the double cage is in the vertical shaft. On hearing the strokes on a gong made by the men pulling a rope that descends to the various levels he knows how far to depress the cage or when to draw it up. Armed with a dim lantern, and a couple of sperm candles in sockets attached to a sharp piece of steel for sticking in the walls of the mine, we descended the shaft and examined the various levels, or drifts, cross-cuts, slopes, stopes, winzes, pockets, and chutes. The lode, ledge or vein, runs in an easterly and

westerly direction, and has a width of from 8 inches to 12 feet. The dip of the vein is from South to North. Tramways are run along the drifts to bring the ore to the shaft in small, iron wagons, or carts, which are hoisted in the cage to the top and then dumped into the ore-sheds. There are 8 levels in this mine, making a depth of 800 feet. Preparations are now being made for sinking the main shaft 200 feet further. People ordinarily imagine that the miners always work downwards in extracting the ore from the lode. They are, however, mistaken.

After a shaft is sunk and a cross-cut made if necessary to strike the vein, a drift is run along the vein and the ore removed from the ledge between the bed-rock and superincumbent layer. Heavy timbers are then framed at a slightly obtuse angle and placed at short intervals to prevent the detachment of masses of rock or ore from the roof or vault of the tunnel and support a platform or staging from which the men can work in extracting the ore overhead. These horizontal beds are called stopes, and the picking and blasting of the ore over and along them is called stoping. There are about 15 stopes built between two levels, and several stopes are worked at the same time, one following another horizontally but a story higher up. The ore is dropped down by chutes from the stopes into the dump cars, the workless rock or debris is filled into the excavations. Ladders run from stope to stope and level to level.

The effect produced on one during a first visit to those dark or dimly lighted subterranean passages is exceedingly weird and awe-inspiring. At one time there is the stillness of death; as we advance we hear the trickling of water or the blows of a miner's pick, or the battering of an Ingersoll drill; then the cavernous passages echo and reverberate with blasts of Hercules' giant powder.

The Daly Mine is 8800 feet above tide-level, and the mountain peak rises 800 or 900 feet still higher. From this mine we passed into the Ontario through the water tunnel which is common to both at a depth of 800 feet. The Empire Cañon road was so blocked up with snow drifts that it became impossible to return to the city by team. In the latter mine we descended to a level 1100 feet deep. One of the chief objects of interest in this mine are its splendid pumping works—one set, driven by a Corliss automatic cut-off, discharges over 3000 gallons of water a minute by means of a large Cornish pump; the other set, which resembles the Holly system, has two powerful pumps in reserve. There is another large mine to the east of the Daly, called the Anchor, which is running a tunnel 6000 feet long to connect with the tunnel of the former. Mr. Richard Grant, one of the most skilful miners and mill foremen of the town, has struck some fissure veins and has located a promising ledge some miles from the town. Our morning ride to the mines was anything but agreeable; our afternoon homeward promenade through a water-tunnel two miles in length was far from being poetic. Not being a Parisian by birth or education, I did not bow low enough or "crook the pliant hinges of the knee"

in places where the tunnel was very low, or the jagged quartz rocks projected from above; and on our exit from darkness into day, I found a stylish silk hat so badly dented, soiled, scratched and dilapidated that I gladly exchanged it for the more comfortable but less aristocratic felt. Proudly towering tiles, like big-feeling bipeds must occasionally pay the penalty of style and elevation.

Next day we paid a visit to the Stamping Mill of the Ontario. It is doubtful if Ulysses, Æneas, or Dante ever heard such a din in Hades. Eight batteries, each of 5 stamps, and each stamp weighing 700 pounds, were battering away at the ore in iron mortars—bruising, crashing, crushing, grinding, pounding, resounding, roaring, sundering, thundering with incessant racket and stunning sound. The first process in handling the ore is the reduction of the larger lumps or rocks by rock-crushers or quartz-mills. The ore and the salt used in the elimination of the baser metals are next dried by two large rotating cylinders. They are then reduced to a fine powder in the mortars. Thence they are carried by spiral screws and buckets on endless belts to two large stetefeldt furnaces for roasting or chlorination. From 10 to 20 per cent. of salt is used in this process for the elimination of lead, copper, antimony, sulphur, chlorine, zinc or arsenic. The ore, on being taken from the furnaces, is wet with a hose, and after 24 hours is carried to the amalgamation room and dumped into 12 large circular pans. About 400 pounds of mercury are thrown in with every charge of 2800 pounds, and the whole, called the "wet crush," rapidly agitated by revolving fans within the pans for about 8 hours until the mercury gathers up the silver. The amalgam is then run into tubs, called settlers, containing cold water to cause the mercury to sink, hot water having been used in the pans. The specific gravity of the amalgam causes it to flow from an aperture near the bottom of the settler into a small tank. From this it flows into a pouch or receptacle of coarse cloth through which the greater portion of the mercury escapes to be carried by an endless chain of small buckets to the next story of the building for further use. The amalgam is now brought into the retort room and placed in cylinders 5 feet long which are hermetically sealed and exposed to an intense heat. The quicksilver goes off in vapor and is condensed in pipes passing through cold water. The slag from the furnace averages \$1200 a ton. The bullion is shipped to New York and sold to refining companies there. The minute particles of gold and silver that are carried away by the refuse of the mill are partly recovered by running the tailings in blankets over sluices. The mill's average work is 75 tons of ore every 24 hours. Ore which contains a notable percentage of the baser metals is shipped to the smelting furnaces south of Salt Lake City. The Daly Mine ships about 500 tons a week.

Dried ore in lots of 100 tons have averaged 135 ounces of silver to the ton, 28 ounces of lead, and about \$2.50 in gold. Base ore averages 100 ounces of silver. First class ore may run up as

high as 500 ounces a ton; second class will mill from 50 to 100.

The wages paid are as follows: Laborers inside or miners, \$3 for 10 hours; stopers \$3, 10 hours; outside laborers, \$2.50; engineers, 8 hours \$4; firemen, 8 hours \$3.50; blacksmiths, 10 hours \$4 to \$5. Ontario is selling at \$27 bringing half a dollar monthly; Daly at \$16 with a quarter dollar a month dividend. The typical old-time prospector for veins or auriferous placers is rarely seen any longer. "Grub stakes" are a thing of the past. More systematic methods are adopted in looking for ore. Prospectors now search for the shining metals usually near railways, so that the ore, if discovered, can be shipped to market. Nowadays the depth of a shaft or the length of a tunnel has much to do with the investment of capital. Mere locations will not do with a surface of 1500 feet by 1200 including depth, spurs and angles.

How grateful ought not our working men be to Christianity, which has ennobled labor, made the laborer a freeman, and enabled him to secure, not only the necessities, but most of the comforts and many of the luxuries of life; what a contrast does not the miner of our day especially present to the hordes of slaves who were compelled, under the lash or in chains, to work the mines of the ancient Egyptians, Carthaginians or Romans, and who were treated rather as wild beasts than as human beings. We have but to open Polybius to be convinced of this fact.

Among the three great kingdoms of nature which contribute to our national wealth and development, the mineral has more than furnished its quota of products to this end. And yet far from having exhausted the treasures which lie hidden in earth's bounteous bosom, we have but merely exploited the ante-chamber of the great subterranean palace of wealth. Generations yet unborn may find the key to inner chambers where are stored up untold resources for man's comfort, and all the conveniences and adornments of life.

As to investing in mining stocks, however, the best maxim to be followed is *Caveat emptor*, unless one should be the bosom friend of a superintendent, or of a member of the board of managers. The public is easily gulled by the golden bait of bonanza stocks; but anon comes a "tumble" in the market, and a dropping of inflated shares, or certificates, or a heavy and unexpected assessment, like thunder in a cloudless sky, and the golden dreams of thousands and millions of money vanish like those of "Whang the Miller." People read of millionaires like Flood, O'Brien and Mackay, but they hear nothing of the tens of thousands whose losses cause them to vie in profanity with Uncle Toby's army in Flanders.

One of the chief maladies from which the inhabitants of this locality suffer is pneumonia. During the week I remained there, three deaths occurred from this dread disease. And, having had recently some experience of its severity, I concluded to decamp, notwithstanding the generous hospitality of my reverend host, and his pressing invitation to make a longer stay.

S.

Local Items

- "We scored."
- Good boy, Hall!
- No more football.
- 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!
- "Don't address my men."
- "Sag" covered second in good style.
- The lawn tennis set came Thursday.
- Four to one is a good bet, even if you lose.
- The football craze has even affected our local dude.
- Swei was like a lighthouse grounded upon a rock.
- Who knows how many days until Commencement?
- Three cheers and a tiger for the new boat house!
- The Senior "bleaching boards" have been repaired.
- Brick for the new boat house was unloaded Monday.
- The star-gazing expedition has been postponed until winter.
- Mose and Freddie are aspirants for positions as coxswains.
- Springer gives promise of developing into a twirler by and by.
- Rat hunting is growing to be a favorite pastime in this vicinity.
- Mr. John Nester, of Detroit, Mich., was a welcome visitor this week.
- Those who wagered that Notre Dame wouldn't score are mourning now.
- Poor De Haven almost had his arm talked off whilst "waiting for the train."
- It seems strange that the plans for the new hotel should not be carried out.
- The Freshmen and Sophs. object to being aluded to as the "lower classes."
- Mr. A. A. Gordon, of Elkhart, Ind., came down to see the football game.
- The Minims' buildings are fast approaching the eastern limits of the grounds.
- The military companies are taking advantage of the weather for rural parades.
- We understand that ground will be broken for Collegiate Hall during the coming week.
- The Band seeks the seclusion afforded by the walks in the woods around St. Joseph's Lake.
- Bro. Leopold reports a large increase in sales of cake, but denies that it is the result of conspiracy.
- The Minims manifest great enthusiasm over the national game. They have any number of nines.
- Larry thought the prodding scene was one of those rare and rich treats that make life worth living.

—It is generally considered a breach of politeness to pry into the object of your neighbor's attention.

—When the score reaches 41 to 18, it is not an indication of very good playing on the part of some one.

—Ed. Prudhomme's kicking and Jewett's running during last Saturday's football game were much admired.

—Better time would have been made in the 100 yards dash in South Bend had the ground been in better condition.

—The Hoynes' Light Guards had a dress parade on the 22d inst. There will be another parade at 8 a. m. to-morrow.

—A prolonged football craze is all that is needed to rank the manufacture of arnica amongst the great national industries.

—Rev. Vice-President Zahm has the thanks of the Juniors for two beautiful pictures lately added to their reception rooms.

—The new belts recently ordered for the Sorin Cadets were shipped by G. F. Foster, Son & Co., of Chicago, last Wednesday.

—Rev. Father Morrissey, C. S. C., will preach the series of sermons in connection with the devotions of the month of May.

—The leaders in the ranks of the different departments are comfortably seated in the study-halls before the last leave the yard.

—The Temperance Society acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to attend the Annual State Temperance Convention in June.

—The baseball season has been a little backward in this vicinity, owing to the long retention by the soil of a vast amount of hydrogen oxide.

—A wonderfully apt piece of advice for the man of good intentions is, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, "mind your own business."

—The astronomy class now go star-gazing, the surveying class go surveying, the botany class go botanizing, and the boat club go delving for gophers. Spring is here.

—The "Green Stocking" baseball club of South Bend are desirous of a game with the Senior special nine. They will doubtless be accommodated in the near future.

—The most phlegmatic looker-on was raised to a state of intense excitement during last Saturday's game when "Swei" made that brilliant run for Michigan's goal.

—Won't one of our debating societies please decide whether the most annoyance is given us by our evil wishing enemies or our friends with good intentions but poor judgment.

—A book, entitled "A Visit to the Holy Land," has disappeared from our sanctum. We have been put to great inconvenience by its removal, and would be obliged by its prompt return.

—Some "funny man" has been throwing our bricks into the lake, and we want him to stop it.

It took too long to get those bricks, and we hope to use them some day in our new boat house.

—The fire department turned out Thursday, not to battle with the destructive element, but to be inspected by the powers that be. The engine and hose were tested and found to be in good condition.

—Bicyclists are requested to give the right of way to the shade trees around the lake. Chute will be sued for damages by the boat club if he attempts to demolish any more of the venerable oaks.

—The medal won by Mr. James Duffy in the foot race is a handsome gold one. It bears an appropriate inscription, with Notre Dame University in monogram, making a nice souvenir of a visit to Notre Dame.

—Some were surprised by the incandescent lights going out suddenly Tuesday evening. It was caused by a part of the electric machine becoming overheated. Everything was soon again in working order.

—A large coon has been disporting himself in the lake for the past week. Several of our crack shots have tried to gather him in, but he is a good deal like the Hibernian's flea—you shoot at him, "and he ain't there."

—Mr. Mulkern entertained a small party of friends last Saturday night by an inimitable rendition of his own original production entitled "The Man of Nerve, or the Nervous Man." In its line, the rendition was unsurpassed.

—Father Provincial Corby was present at the morning exercises of the Law Class on Tuesday. He complimented the young men upon the excellent work they are doing, and the practical direction given to their studies.

—The many friends of Mr. Stafford Campbell are pleased to note his rapid and steady improvement after a long and serious illness. We join them in the wish that he may soon entirely recover his former robust health.

—The smoking room militia, captained by Mose Rosenthal, was called out by B. Hilarion on Tuesday last for the extermination of the "gophers." Numbers of them were slain, and the balance, it is believed, have concluded to seek a soil more congenial than the Seniors' campus.

—Cartier's nine played a practice game with the Junior special Thursday afternoon. The Seniors had a walk-away. In the ninth inning, however, Butch White threw nothing but "dew drops," and as a result, the Juniors scored half a dozen runs. Score, 13 to 10 in favor of the Seniors.

—At the last session of the University Moot-court the chancery case of Farrell *vs.* Decker was concluded. Messrs. T. F. Griffin and P. J. Nelson appeared as counsel for the complainant, and Messrs. M. M. White and W. J. Rochford for the respondent. A decree was rendered in favor of the latter.

—Work on the Novitiate is advancing slowly but surely. Joists have now been laid for the third story of the new building. Delays thus far ex-

perienced have been provided against, and the work will henceforth be rapidly pushed forward, so that everything may be in readiness for the grand opening on the 15th of August.

—A game of baseball, nothing short of thrilling, was played last Thursday forenoon between the "Fats," captained by P. Nelson, and the "Leans," under the command of M. White. The features of the game were Chester Smith's catching—until his shins gave out,—and the coaching of P. P. Maloney, '79. Score 12 to 11 in favor of "Leans."

—There is in the near vicinity a garden which, on account of its surroundings, is known to be very fertile, and to contain fruits of various kinds, some of which, it is rumored, have already reached maturity. For some time past the Staff has been contemplating a visit, but have been deterred by the peculiarity of its location and the heterogeneity of its surroundings.

—The principal features of the game in the Juniors, on the 22d inst., were Leonard's batting and Lahey's fielding. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
REDS:—	0	0	6	1	6	0	0	=13
BLUES:—	1	1	0	2	1	3	2	=10

The game was called at the end of the 7th inning on account of darkness.

—Master Fred. J. Wile, Laporte, of the Junior department of the University, has been the recipient of a handsome cabinet presented by the agent of the Calligraph Company, Indianapolis. It is a substantial compliment to the skill and proficiency in type-writing acquired by Master Wile, and from the specimens we have seen of his work we can say that it is well deserved.

—Last week, on the occasion of Mr. Stafford Campbell's birthday anniversary, his many friends among the students sent him a beautiful basket of the choicest flowers as a graceful acknowledgment of their kind interest in the convalescent. This little act of thoughtfulness was one that could not fail to be appreciated by the patient, and for days the flowers lent an appearance of brightness and cheerfulness to the sick room. The basket was photographed by Messrs. Bonney and Wallace of South Bend.

—Last Wednesday night the members of the Law class gave the second of their public debates in Washington Hall. They displayed good judgment by ignoring the long list of stereotyped subjects that usually catch the average debating society, and grappled with one of the questions of the day. The subject of debate was "Protection *vs.* Free Trade." Messrs. Griffin and Chacon argued for protection, whilst Messrs. Stubbs and Burke championed the cause of the free traders. As the arguments of the leading speakers on each side will, at least substantially, be presented to the readers of the SCHOLASTIC, a *resumé* of their remarks is here omitted. The speeches showed a careful preparation and excellent ability on the part of the debaters to grasp the points most favorable to their respective sides and least open to attack. Messrs. Burke and Chacon ably seconded the efforts of

their principals, and maintained the general positions taken by the latter with more specific argument. Col. Hoynes, the president of the society, after weighing the arguments of both sides, decided in favor of the advocates of protection. Before the opening of the debate, Mr. Heinemann, of the Law class, made a few thoughtful and sensible remarks on the beneficial results of discussions on the great questions of the day, and pointed out the necessity of such discussions amongst those preparing for the profession of the Law. He graphically described the characteristics necessary to a good lawyer, and paid a worthy tribute to the study of law. The debate was highly entertaining and thoroughly instructive, and we trust the example of the society will be followed by our other societies.

Football.

Notre Dame played two games of football with the University of Michigan last week: one at the Green Stocking Ball Park in South Bend on Friday, and one on the University grounds Saturday. The home team lost both games—the first by a score of 26 to 6, and the second by a score of 10 to 4.

About half-past one o'clock, Friday afternoon, the Notre Dame players and their friends took carriages and started for South Bend. They met the Ann Arbor eleven at the Sheridan House, and after a short drive through the streets of the city drew up at the Ball Park where the game was to be played. The first thing on the programme, however, was a 100 yards dash for a gold medal open to any who cared to enter. There were four starters: James Duffy, of Ann Arbor; H. Jewett and J. Hepburn, of Notre Dame, and a South Bend runner. The race was practically between Duffy and Jewett, and the former led from the start to the finish. Notwithstanding Jewett's bad start, by a wonderful spurt he came in so close to Duffy that the latter had no room to spare. The time was 11 seconds. There are many who still believe that Jewett possesses the more speed of the two. Shortly after 3 o'clock, the football game was called by E. M. Sprague, of Ann Arbor, who acted as referee. The players were: University of Michigan—W. W. Harless (centre), G. W. De Haven, J. H. Duffie, G. A. Wood, G. Briggs, R. S. Babcock, E. Rhodes, *Rushers*; W. D. Ball, *Quarter Back*; E. MacFadden, J. L. Duffy, *Half Backs*; J. H. Duffy (captain), *Goal*. University of Notre Dame—F. Fehr (centre), E. Sawkins, P. J. Nelson, G. A. Houck, E. Milady, J. Hepburn, F. Springer, *Rushers*; J. E. Cusack, *Quarter Back*; H. Luhn (captain), H. Jewett, *Half Backs*; E. Prudhomme, *Goal*. From the time the ball was first kicked, until the end of the second inning, the game was exciting. The first inning was interrupted by a number of wranglings over the rules, but the second went through smoothly. Ann Arbor scored first on a touch-down by James Duffy at 3.28. Then Ball made four more by another touch-down, and John Duffy added two to this by kicking the

ball over the goal. Duffie made another touch-down. Then James Duffy raised the score by four points, and a goal kick by John Duffy increased Ann Arbor's lead two points. That was all the scoring done in the first inning, the Notre Dame eleven failing to do any effective work. In the second inning the score of the Michigan boys received an increase of six on a touch-down by Ball, and a goal kick by John Duffy. This made a total of 26, and Ann Arbor made no more during the game. For Notre Dame Springer got the ball and touched it down beating his opponent's goal, and the spectators manifested their delight by enthusiastic applause. But the referee claimed that Springer had interfered with an Ann Arbor player before getting the ball from him, and the ball was brought back into the field, much to the disgust of the audience. After a few minutes' play, however, Jewett secured the ball, and by a magnificent run made a touch-down in Ann Arbor ground, and Prudhomme raised the ball over the goal for two more points, making a total of six for Notre Dame. Jewett's play was an elegant one, and it caught the fancy of the crowd who were evidently pleased to see the Michigan team's record broken. Little fine playing was shown after that, and when time was called the score was still 26 to 6. About four hundred people witnessed the game.

The Ann Arbor boys came out from South Bend to the University Saturday morning. After an inspection of Notre Dame and her surroundings, and after partaking of dinner in the Senior refectory and a short ride on the lake, they got ready for their second game and appeared on the grounds with their opponents at 2 o'clock. Just after taking their positions, Bonney of South Bend photographed the two teams and the field. There were some changes in the Ann Arbor team rendered necessary by the departure of Mr. James Duffy who was called home Friday evening. E. M. Sprague was put in the eleven, and R. S. Babcock, who had become too lame to play, having been injured in the previous game, was selected to referee the contest. The game was played with ten men on a side. The home team had the kick off, and forced the ball steadily towards the Michigan goal where 2 was soon scored on a safety touch-down by Harless. Another safety touch by Duffy made the score 4. Ann Arbor could do nothing until the last two minutes of the first inning when Sprague took the ball, while the other players were settling some dispute, and made a touch-down for his side, and a goal kick by Duffy gave them two more points. Notre Dame claimed the touch-down was illegal, asserting that Sprague neglected to put the ball in play, and furthermore went out of bounds to the goal. The referee, however, could not see it in this light. In the second inning Harless, by a touch-down, raised the score to 10 points, and the game closed with a score of 10 to 4 in favor of Ann Arbor. Jewett's touch-down was not allowed, although it was apparently legal. By many it is believed that in all justice Notre Dame won the game, but the referee's decision made it otherwise. However, the record of Ann Arbor was

badly broken, and they have not had as hard a tussle for some time as they experienced last week. After a lunch the visitors departed on the 5 o'clock train for Niles, where they made connections for home. They made a favorable impression by their manly bearing and courteous conduct, and we hope that next year may bring with it another friendly contest for football honors.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Armstead, Brelsford, Bowles, Brannick, Beckman, P. Burke, Barrett, Beckwith, Bombeck, Bronson, Ball, Barnard, James Burns, Brownson, Britt, E. Burns, Boland, Craft, Campbell, Cassidy, Chacon, Cusack, Cartier, Chute, T. Coady, Cosgrove, Desimoni, Dore, Dulaney, Eyanson, Ewing, Fitzharris, Finckh, Fehr, Fleming, Goebel, Gallardo, Geisler, Gibbs, Griffin, Henderson, Hobart, Heine-mann, M. Howard, Hummer, Houck, Inderrieden, Jennings, Keating, L. Larkin, W. Larkin, Luhn, Langan, Louisell, W. McDermott, McCune, Mattes, McGuirk, Mulkern, J. Meagher, J. McDermott, Mackey, Munroe, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, Maloney, Maier, McAllister, McCart, McAuliff, McGrath, Andrew Nicholl, R. Newton, Neill, K. Newton, Nelson, O'Hara, Orr, O'Regan, O'Shea, O'Donnell, O'Brien, Plato, Prichard, Preston, Pender, Parés, Patterson, Rochford, Rothert, Rudd, Reedy, Read, Stubbs, J. Sullivan, W. Silver, R. Silver, D. Sullivan, Tiernan, Tarrant, Tewksbury, Webb, Woods, Wagoner, Wilkin, M. White.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Adams, Allen, Berry, Bombeck, Bronson, Boyd, Baudry, Bolderick, Blake, Burger, Brady, Cunningham, Cauthorn, Campbell, Cooney, Crotty, Case, Coad, Chacon, Connelly, Cavanagh, Ciarcoschi, Carney, D. Cartier, W. Cartier, Chute, Coulter, James Doherty, John Doherty, Delaney, Duffield, Daniels, Davis, Devine, Daragh, Ebner, Elder, Fitzgerald, Falvey, S. Fleming, P. Fleming, C. Fleming, J. Flynn, F. Flynn, Freeman, Frei, Grossman, Goodman, T. Greene, J. Greene, Gale, Gonzales, Grever, Henry, Howard, R. Healy, P. Healy, Heller, Hall, Hampton, Hoerr, Huber, Hackett, Hughes, Hake, Hayes, Hill, Inderrieden, Johnson, Jewett, Johns, Jackson, Lahey, Lane, Leonard, Monaghan, Martin, John McIntosh, H. Mallay, McIvers, McPhee, Miner, McGrath, McKenzie, C. Mooney, J. McNulty, McCartney, Mayer, L. Monarch, Neef, W. O'Brien, W. P. O'Brien, M. O'Kane, B. O'Kane, O'Donnell, Paquette, Prichard, Powers, Pecheux, J. Peck, Pfau, Quinlan, Roth, Rierdon, Reinhard, I. Rose, S. Rose, Ramsey, Rowsey, Reidinger, Roby, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Stephens, Spalding, Shenk, Senn, A. Sullivan, R. Sullivan, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Silver, Talbot, Wile, Wageman, Wade, Welch, Walsh, Wright, Wilbanks, Wood.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayer, A. Bachrach, H. Bachrach, S. Bachrach, Bloomhuff, Blumenthal, Beckham, Barbour, G. Black, L. Black, Blake, Beerman, Bates, Burns, Bradley, Boettcher, C. Connor, W. Connor, E. Conners, Collins, Connelly, Cummings, Carlile, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, Cornell, Carpenter, Campbell, Durand, J. Dunn, F. Dunn, Jessie Dungan, Jas. Dungan, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Dorsey, Des Garennes, G. Franche, C. Franche, Flannery, Ferkel, C. Grant, Greene, Gerber, Goodwillie, Hinds, Harlan, Hagus, Howard, Healy, Halthusen, Haddican, Johns, Kutsche, Kehoe, Keeler, Koester, Keefe, Kinsella, Kane, Kaye, A. Lonergan, H. Lonergan, Lansing, Mooney, Marx, Morgenweck, McDonnell, Maternes, L. Mayer, G. Mayer, McPhee, Mott, J. Marre, A. Marre, Minor, Neef, Neenan, Nichols, Nester, Oppenheimer, O'Mara, Perry, L. Paul, C. Paul, Plautz, Parker, Pierce, Quill, Rogers, Ricksecker, Sweet, Savage, Seerey, F. Smith, E. Smith, Stone, Stephens, Speir, Storey, Taft, Toolen, Trujillo, Tomkins, Thornton, W. Williamson, J. Walsh, W. Walsh, A. Witkowsky, S. Witkowsky, Willien, Wilson, Young, Ziemann, Zeigler, Andrews.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—By mistake, the name of Miss Cora Prudhomme was omitted from the elocution report, 1st class, 2d division.

—Miss Alice Bourne has deservedly won the title of "best speller" in her class. In all the tests she has stood first.

—Miss Mary Burton last week finished the translation of the first six books of the "Æneid," commenced last September. The young lady's diligence cannot be too highly praised.

—On Saturday last, the regular monthly lecture was given to the pupils of the music department. The subject was a continuation of the "History of Music"; the principal point dwelt upon was the tonality of the ancient races.

—The examination of the Graduating class in Trigonometry took place last Thursday. The genial examiner, Rev. Father Morrissey, C. S. C., seemed well pleased with the class. Among the visitors present were Rev. Father Saulnier, Mrs. W. Purdy and Miss Estella Horn.

—The anniversary of dear Sister Cecilia's death was not forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to have been her pupils. Beautiful flowers were placed by loving hands upon her grave, and from grateful hearts the fragrance of prayer ascended to God in her behalf, though deep was the feeling that her precious soul needed not earth's pleadings.

Newspapers.

In this enlightened age, books are to be found everywhere; the printing press has brought with it a power that none can gainsay. Intelligence, however, in the form of books is not accessible to all; hence the wonderful growth of the newspaper. Every village and hamlet boasts its journal, and in the carrying on of some of the large papers of cities the most cultivated intellects are engaged. But let us look back to ancient chronicles, that by comparison we may better appreciate the paper of to-day.

Newspapers are printed sheets, published at stated intervals, chiefly devoted to the dissemination of intelligence on current events. The first newspaper recorded in Rome appeared in the form of a written report; this was issued daily, and contained an account of public occurrences. Newspapers were preceded in England by a kind of letter, which was furnished to the wealthy aristocracy only; but, as the craving for information spread, news was communicated to all classes by means of a ballad, which was sung or recited. The news pamphlet, more

prosaically arranged next appeared, and, lastly, that messenger of good and evil, the newspaper. Papers were not issued daily until the eighteenth century and at first consisted of one page of two columns. The news contained in these sheets was confined to politics and court proceedings; while now the topics treated of in newspapers are without number. Information concerning all classes of society may be obtained in a review of the daily papers. As a medium of learning news and for the manufacture and retail of gossip, the newspaper has taken the place of the fountain and market place of olden times. The readers of these daily sheets are numerous: men immersed in business seem obliged, owing to time-consuming occupations, to confine themselves to this style of literature; the poor laborer finds after his day's work a rest in his evening paper, and often the professional man allows the newspaper to take the place of other reading, thus placing upon editors the necessity of providing a varied style and catering to the tastes of all.

There are, of course, papers which treat more exclusively of one subject than another, so while the business man reads the money articles in one paper, the farmer peruses his agricultural journal, the politician the paper which upholds his party, and the woman of fashion reads the pages devoted to society and the movements of the social world. To meet the wants of those whose intellectual powers are weak, but whose moral sense is scrupulous, newspapers of a very light pabulum are furnished with sensational stories, exalted essays, and accounts of wonderful adventures. It is not to be inferred, however, that all papers are of this description, yet, the news contained in these daily papers, unless read by persons of strong convictions and sound opinions, is apt to bias the judgment of the reader who confines himself wholly to this style of literature. The reasons are obvious; first of all, he acquires the habit of accepting second-hand opinions and is liable, in spite of himself, to receive inadequate and one-sided impressions; therefore it is not advisable to allow newspapers to be one's sole reading. Newspapers are very instructive when the reader has only a few leisure moments, for he may obtain from a review of the daily papers information concerning, not only our own country, but news of transactions taking place in all parts of the world. The editor is to-day the most influential of men. A man's success in politics rests almost wholly in his hands. The actor's fame, or, in fact, that of any public character, depends upon the criticism the newspaper men may see fit to

give him on his first appearance before the public.

Within the last forty years journalism has made great strides, and to-day may be found, in a first-class paper, articles showing deep research and learning, theories regarding the arts and sciences, the analysis of political principles, and theological discussions and opinions of the leading minds of the times. The freedom of the country has done much to raise this style of literature to the rank that many papers enjoy. The restless craving for the new as exhibited in Americans acts as a stimulus to editors in their efforts to procure wherewith to satisfy this longing, and, as a consequence, there is little regard paid to the means taken whereby information may be obtained; the privacy of home is invaded, and he who places himself once before the public as a solicitor for patronage must, for the brief period the public is interested in him, consider himself the property of the people.

While it cannot be denied that the newspaper is a prolific source of evils, we cannot but recognize the fact that it is also a promoter of good; it may lead to the election of dishonest officers, but it also exposes many fraudulent pretensions; it disseminates errors broadcast; yet it sends far and wide seeds of Christianity. The writers for daily papers may not hope for the fame accorded those who have put their thoughts in book form, but, considering the world as it is now, the newspaper is surely one of the greatest powers of our times.

MARY A. REND,

First Senior Class.

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Andree, Arnold, Brady, Burton, Barth, Bloom, Brewer, Boyer, Beschameng, Bourne, Bray, Bates, Blacklock, Beck, Belfield, Bogner, Carmien, Clifford, Claggett, Conners, Clore, E. Coll, M. Coll, Campagne, Calkins, H. Dempsey, C. Dempsey, M. Desmond, C. Desmond, M. Davis, Daube, Dority, English, Earley, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fenton, Gavan, Geer, Guise, Hummer, Hughes, Hertzog, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hinz, Harlen, Heffron, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hutchinson, Hooker, Johnson, Kearns, Kohler, Kron, Keyes, Koester, Leonard, Lilly, Murphy, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, E. McCarthy, McCormick, McNamara, Moore, C. McCarthy, Moran, C. McFadden, J. McFadden, Marley, L. Nicholas, E. Nicholas, Neff, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Piper, Papin, Pomeroy, Quill, E. Regan, G. Regan, Rend, Reen, Riedinger, Richardson, Robinson, Rannells, Snowhook, Sullivan, Stadler, Saviers, Sloman, M. Smith, Spier, Studebaker, Van Mourick, B. Voechting, Wright, Waterbury, Wagner, Wiesenbach, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses T. Balch, Blaine, Burdick, E. Burns, Campbell, Churchill, E. Dempsey, Dolan, Dreyer, Eby, Hake, Hagus, Knauer, Kloth, Lewis, Lauth, Miller, McCune, Newman, Pugsley, Quealey, Rhinehart, Rogers, Stapleton, E. Smith, Thirds, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Burns, K. Moore, A. O'Mara, A. Papin, L. Reeves, S. Smith.